

## SONNET LI V.



F GREAT APOLLO offered as a dower,  
His burning throne to Beauty's  
excellence; If JOVE himself came in a  
golden shower,

Down to the earth, to fetch fair lo  
thence ; If VENUS, in the curled  
locks was tied

Of proud ADONIS, not of gentle  
kind ; If TELLUS, for a shepherd's  
favour died,

(The favour cruel Love to her  
assigned); If Heaven's-winged  
herald HERMES had

His heart enchanted with a  
country maid; If poor PYGMALION was  
for beauty mad :

If gods and men have all for beauty  
strayed : I am not then ashamed to be  
included 'Mongst those that love, and be  
with love deluded.

## SONNET LV.



I, No, I dare not! O, I may not speak!  
Yes, yes, I dare! I can ! I must! I will! Then  
heart, pour forth thy plaints, and do  
not break!

Let never Fancy, manly courage kill! Intreat  
her mildly ! (words have pleasing charms,

Of force to move the most obdurate  
heart) To take relenting pity of my harms.

And with unfeigned tears to wail my  
smart! Is She a stock, a block, a stone, a  
flint ?

Hath She, nor ears to hear, nor eyes to see ?  
If so, my cries, my prayers, my tears shall  
stint!

Lord ! how can lovers so bewitched  
be! I took her to be Beauty's Queen  
alone; But now, I see She is a  
senseless stone!